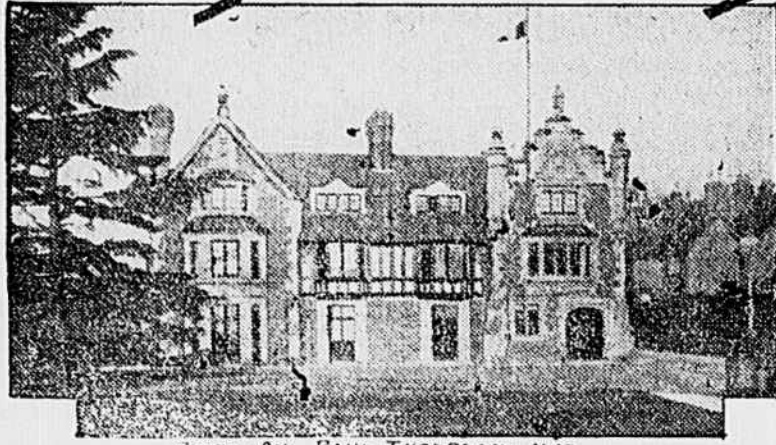


# Why Nobody Wants the Noble Duke of Orleans.



Wood Norton, the Duke's Splendid English Home, Where He Does Not Live Because Nobody Wants Him.

**T**HE DUKE OF ORLEANS, great-grandson of the last King of France, has just been refused permission to serve as a soldier by all the allied governments of Europe in turn.

It is odd how much deference is paid to a king on a throne, while a man who has more illustrious royal ancestry than any of them is treated more or less on his merits.

The Duke, in the course of his gay career, has been snubbed by practically every government and royal family in Europe, including those of the present Allies and their opponents. They seem positively to enjoy throwing him out of the front door and kicking him down the steps in addition.

He has been exiled from France. He has been driven from his London clubs and boycotted by English society. He has been condemned by the imperial family of Austria because his wife, a member of that family, left him, charging him with great cruelty.

He has been assaulted by Englishmen as a patriotic duty. He has been assailed by husbands of various nations as a private duty.

And now he has been refused permission to serve in any military capacity by France, England and Russia. He cannot even get into the commissary department, for which he is well suited.

As the Duke's strong point is talking about the days when his ancestors led Frenchmen to glory, he had to get busy when this war broke out. He promptly offered to die for France, in a letter composed by an able Parisian journalist. The Government coldly declined his offer on the ground that as a pretender to the throne he could not stay on French soil.

The Duke offered to forego all his rights to the throne while fighting. He and his friends are carrying on a verbal war with the Government now, but there is not the slightest prospect that it will yield.

Then he offered his services to England, which declined him on the ground that France might feel offended if another country employed him. Then he made a similar offer to Russia, and even the autocratic Government of the Czar declined him because it did not want to offend France.

This explanation by Russia was almost a joke, for that country has admitted Prince Louis Napoleon, a member of another former reigning family, to her army and promoted him to be a general. The Prince is a capable officer, whose promotion might cause uneasiness to the French Republic, while the Duke is not.

The most famous episode in the Duke's career occurred twenty-five years ago, when he was only twenty years old. He has never entirely recovered from it.

At that time he was profoundly devoted

to Madame Melba, the brilliant operatic prima donna. He followed her wherever she went, and his family even feared that he contemplated matrimony. Perhaps the singer suggested to him the daring stroke by which he attempted to restore his family to the throne of his ancestors.

The Duke went to France in violation of the law exiling the princes, and under an assumed name offered himself for the regular military service required of a young Frenchman. He was recognized in a few hours and arrested, as he expected to be. He and his friends thought his position would excite sympathy, for they could say that the representative of the oldest French family was in prison merely for trying to do his duty as a Frenchman.

The Government, in fact, was embarrassed by the necessity of prosecuting him. M. Constans, Minister of the Interior, a man of remarkable astuteness, found a way out of the difficulty. He gave orders that the prison authorities should be as lenient as possible with the Duke.

Madame Melba, who had followed him to Clairvaux, where he was imprisoned, was allowed to visit him as often as she pleased. She took full advantage of the privilege and noted how carelessly the Duke was guarded.

One dark evening, when the keepers were dozing peacefully, Madame Melba hurried the Duke out of prison and guided him to the railway station, where she had reserved a special car for him. In a few hours they were out of France, in Belgium, flouting themselves that they had made a wonderful escape.

The French Government was delighted with the escape. A would-be King running away, rescued by an opera singer and escorted under her protection to a foreign country, had become a joke instead of a danger!

The Duke and Madame Melba remained warm friends for several years. He was much in her society in London, St. Petersburg and other capitals of Europe, where she performed.

The Duke had been engaged by family arrangement to his cousin, Princess Marguerite of Orleans, but his escapades were such that even a princess could not stand them, and the engagement was broken.

It was quite necessary to marry him, according to the royal view, and the only eligible wife proved to be the Archduchess Maria Bureghes of Austria, also a cousin of his. Marriages between the houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg are traditional.

The Archduchess was an amiable woman, very rich and not brilliant, which was all that could have been expected of one of the very ancient house of Hapsburg. The Duke himself is very rich, for his great-grandfather, King Louis Philippe, foreseeing a revolution, salted away an immense amount of money in England be-

Rejected by the French, English and Russian Armies in Turn, Snubbed by Every Government and Royal Family in Europe, the Giddy Pretender to France's Throne Is a Ruler Only of Cafes and Cabarets



The Duke of Orleans, Great-Grandson of the last King of France, Who Has Just Received Notice That He Is Not Wanted in the Army of France or That of Any of the Allies in Any Capacity Whatsoever.



Madame Auffmordt, Formerly Countess de Salverte, the Beautiful Woman Who Is Said to Have Caused the Fickle Duke's Wife to Leave Him and to Be Guiding His Latest Political Adventures.

Caused the Fickle Duke's Wife to Leave Him and to Be Guiding His Latest Political Adventures.

fore the crash came.

The poor Archduchess led a life of misery and humiliation for years, as the world has recently learned, with her husband, but before coming to that it is necessary to refer to some of his exploits in the meanwhile.

The Duke is probably to-day the most shameless royal rake in Europe. He is said to have studied under the late King Leopold of Belgium and to have completely surpassed his professor.

Recently he became infatuated with a very handsome and dashing Parisian concert singer named Ninette des Melays. He was seen with her in the restaurants and cafes of Brussels, making merry in an uproarious manner.

The Duke's only virtue from any point of view appears to be his extravagance. This is remarkable because his recent ancestors have been very close. He gave Ninette some magnificent presents, including even the jewels of his great-grandmother, Queen Marie Amelie.

One evening after a particularly merry session in a Brussels cafe, Ninette, whose grip had been loosened by the festivities, dropped one of these historic heirlooms on the stairs and left it there. It was restored to her by an ordinary diner.

At the time of the Boer war French sympathy was very strong with the Boers, and the Duke thought he would make a strong bid for popularity. He wrote a letter of

congratulation to the cartoonist, M. Willette, who had published a very shocking cartoon representing "Oom Paul" Krueger spanking Queen Victoria.

At that time the Duke was a resident of England and occupied a splendid country house called Woodnorton in Oxfordshire. The English made the country too warm for him and he was forced to resign from all his London clubs. It is even said that a party of Britons gave him such a warm ovation that he was unable to sit down for three weeks.

After that he made Brussels his favorite hunting ground. There he became an object of public interest. The Duke is a very tall, stout man, with a very prominent nose and an exuberant manner. He prides himself on his resemblance to his ancestor King Henry IV., the celebrated Henry of Navarre, and he trains his whiskers to carry out the resemblance.

King Henry was the friend of Gabrielle d'Estrees, and a score or more of other noted beauties. In fact he was one of the most warm-hearted but fickle men in French history. He is also the most popular King France has ever had. That is why the Duke harks back to him, overlooking a few more recent kings.

The Duke resembles his great ancestor chiefly in his promiscuous affections. Sometimes when heated with wine and enthusiasm he will tell his fair and gay companions that he is going to do some-

thing quite in the style of Henry of Navarre at the battle of Ivry when he cried: "Look where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war."

And he your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

The Duke goes forth, but before he has gone far some common policeman or low class government official forces him back.

The poor Duchess bore her trials meekly for many years. She did her best to make the home at Woodnorton attractive by painting with her own hands a picture of an angel bearing the emblems of the house of Bourbon to Heaven and another of the Duke, very tastefully dressed, shooting rabbits.

All was of no avail. She was able to ignore the existence of chorus girls and other plebeian persons, but when he became profoundly devoted to a fascinating society woman it was more than she could stand.

This fascinating friend was a Madame Auffmordt, wife of a German merchant but originally Mlle. Charlotte Baconniere de Salverte, a member of a very old French family. She was first married to the Duke de Praslin, from whom she was divorced, and he then married Mrs. Paine, of Liberty, Ky.

The reports stated that Madame Auffmordt was presiding at a series of political dinners to the Duke's supporters and that she was inspiring him with ideas

for a more successful prosecution of his ambitions.

This was more than the Duchess could stand and she began suit for a separation and an accounting for her property.

The suit caused amazement in society, for the Bourbons and the Hapsburgs as the two oldest Catholic families in Europe are expected to shun the divorce courts.

Some remarkable revelations of the domestic unhappiness of the couple were made. The Duchess had failed to produce any heirs to the House of Bourbon and the Duke often made this the subject of unpleasant comment. She underwent various kinds of treatment and an operation with the object of enabling her to do justice to the family tree, but without success. Several times she went back to her family in Austria, but returned to him.

The Duchess in her suit asked the court to ascertain the whereabouts of various jewels belonging to her, and the Duke's family, including the necklace of his great-grandmother before mentioned. It was generally felt in royal circles that the Duke's treatment of his wife might have been overlooked, but his giving away the family jewels was unpardonable.

Finally the suit was withdrawn and a separation was agreed upon privately.

The Duchess returned to Austria to live. The fickle but open-handed Duke has a considerable number of admirers in France, including several bright young journalists and a number of music hall artists. The more conservative members of French society, even though theoretically royalists, are not very active in his cause.

Ernest Daudet, son of the noted novelist, is the Duke's warmest supporter in the press. Daudet recently wrote this very touching pen-picture of a visit to his "king":

"I cannot express here, in one page, how much love he has for France; how much fine, precise, just, emotional participation in the interests of the French, big or little. \* \* \* No man has more bonhomie and warmth in his language than he. No man gives a stronger impression of force and restraint. I do not consider that I lack life, but after two hours in his atmosphere life is as tripled to me. \* \* \* To live for him will be magnificent; to die for him, assuring him his throne, would be a grander joy still!"

"To think that he is there, only a few leagues from us; he, the center of our history; he, the continuation of the blood which made our country, our wonderful country now delivered into the hands of foreigners, vultures, knaves. To think that it would take but a minute's contact between this king and his kingdom to bring France back to the place she should occupy."

"O, royalists and patriots, anti-Semites and nationalists! It is for us to put an end to this monstrosity, that King Philippe, VIII, and his country, so perfectly made one for the other, shall find each other, never to lose each other again!"

Immediately after this outbreak the French government declined to give the "king" a job as a general or a chauffeur in the army.

The Duke's Handsome Sisters, Ex-Queen Amelie, of Portugal; the Duchess of Aosta and Princess Louise of Orleans, Who Are Much Worried by the Discredit He Is Casting on Their Royal Families.

